

SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Looking Home.

BY MRS. H. H. SNYDER.

I long, oh Lord, to be
Within the walls of home.
That Paradise, that place of rest,
That everlasting dome.
My spirit often grieves
And my poor heart is sad,
I long to go where Jesus is
And He will make me glad.
His mission hear on earth
Was one of peace and love;
Ours is to do our Father's will
And our reward's above.
Oh how he suffered here,
No human tongue can tell
The Savior of the sin sick soul
Our dear Immanuel.
Thy grace dear Lord, sustains
And helps me bear the load,
Of toil and care and suffering
And persecution's rod.
But oh how short is life,
Compared to that reward.
That waits the Christian's soul to
crown
Before the throne of God.
Let faith and hope and peace
In arms of love enfold,
And keep us safe till He shall say,
Enough, and take us home.

Our Neglected Child.

'He that converteth a sinner
from the error of his way shall
save a soul from death and
shall hide a multitude of sins.'
How great this multitude of
sins may be no mortal can tell,
but the amount of evil which
we may neglect to present
would appall us if we could
but know it.

You may think it is a little
thing to shelter; to feed, to
protect and teach and love a
little child. You may plead
your ambitions, your engage-
ments, and your cares, and say
with Cain 'Am I my brother's
keeper?' but when eternity
unfolds its record you may see
that you missed the opportu-
nity of your life-time when
you failed to win and save a
little child. Read the story
of one neglected child, poor
Margaret, whose history and
progeny have been traced, as
is summarized in the *New*
York Times.

Margaret, when a little girl,
perhaps an orphan, perhaps
abandoned by her parents, was
left adrift in one of the vil-
lages of the Upper Hudson.
There was no almshouse in the
place; but she was a subject
of outdoor relief, probably re-
ceiving occasionally food and
clothing from the officials,
but never educated, and never
kindly sheltered in a home.
She became the mother of a
long race of criminals and
paupers, and her progeny has
cursed the country ever since.
The county records show two
hundred of her descendants
who have been criminals. In
one single generation of her
unhappy line there were
twenty children; of these
three died in infancy, and
seventeen survived to maturity.
Of the seventeen, nine served
in the State-prisons for high
crimes an aggregate term of
fifty years, while the others
were frequent inmates of jails
and penitentiaries and alms-
houses.

Of the 623 descendants from
this unhappy girl, who was
left on the village streets and

abandoned in her childhood, a
great number have been idiots,
imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics,
paupers, and prostitutes, but
200 the more vigorous are
on record as criminals. It is
estimated that this neglected
little child has thus cost the
county authorities, in the ef-
fects she has transmitted, at
least \$100,000 in the expense
and care of criminals and
paupers, besides the untold
damage she has inflicted on
property and public morals.

When we think of the mul-
titude of wretched beings she
has left upon the earth; of
the sufferings, degradation,
ignorance, and crime that one
child has thus transmitted; of
the evil that she has caused to
thousands of innocent families,
and the loss to the community,
we can all feebly appreciate
the importance to the public
of the care and education of
a single pauper child.—The
Safeguard.

She Had a Word or Two to Say.

A fast young man decided
to make to a young lady a
formal offer of his hand and
heart—all he was worth—
hoping for a cordial reception.
He cautiously prefaced his
declarations with a few ques-
tions, for he had no intention
of 'throwing himself away.' Did
she love him well enough to
live in a cottage with him? Was
she a good cook? Did she
think it a wife's duty to
make a home happy? Would
she consult his tastes and
wishes concerning his associ-
ates and pursuits in life? Could
she make her own clothes? etc.

The young lady said that
before she answered his ques-
tions, she would assure him
of some negative virtues she
possessed. She never drank,
smoked or chewed; never owed
a bill to her laundress or
tailor; never stayed out all
night playing billiards; never
lounged on street corners and
ogled giddy girls; never 'stood
in' with the boys for cigars
or wine suppers.

'Now,' said she, rising in-
dignantly, 'I am assured, by
those who know, that you do
all these things, and it is rather
absurd for you to expect all
the virtues in me, while you
do not possess any yourself. I
can never be your wife; and
she bowed him out and left
him on the cold doorstep, a
madder if not a wiser man.—
Health Journal.

Pray and Breakfast.

Some years ago when the coun-
try around Cincinnati was new-
er than it is now, a pious farmer
was busy clearing his land. He
had a number of hands employed,
and was anxious to accomplish
a large amount of work while the
weather was favorable. He called
them early and went out with
them before breakfast was ready.
A horn was blown and they came
in and ate, and returned again
to their work.

The farmer had been accus-
tom-

ed to have prayer every morning
in his family. But to keep so
many men from chopping and
log-rolling while he read and
prayed was more than he could
afford; so Satan suggested, and
the good man yielded. His pious
wife saw with grief that the fam-
ily altar was neglected, and her
husband in haste to get rich, was
departing from God. She talked
with him, she pleaded with
him, but in vain. At last she
determined to try another ex-
periment.

The next morning the farmer
and his men went out, as usual,
to their work. The sun began
to climb up the sky, but no
breakfast horn was heard. They
grew hungry, and looked anx-
iously toward the house; they
listened, but still the expected
summons did not come. After
waiting an hour or two beyond
the usual time, they went into
the house. No table was set,
no coffee boiling on the fire,
no cook over or before it. The
good wife was knitting quietly,
with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried
the husband; "why isn't our
breakfast ready?"

I thought you were in such a
hurry about your work that you
hadn't time to eat!"

"Have time to eat it!" Do
you think we can live without
eating?"

"You can live without eating
as well as without praying. The
spirit needs bread of heaven as
much as the body needs bread of
earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer,
"get us some breakfast, and we
will have prayer every morning,
no matter how busy we are or
how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast, and he
kept his word. The lesson was
a good one and never forgotten.
—Selected.

Mr. D. L. Moody will conduct
a Bible Institute in Chicago, be-
ginning April 1st and continuing
sixty days. A special invitation
is extended to students of theo-
logical seminaries and colleges
to attend the opening sessions
for two weeks.

Reports from many sections in
this and other countries show
that the labors of evangelists are
being greatly blessed in the con-
version of multitudes of souls.
Revivals are in progress in many
of the churches.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local application, as they can
not reach the diseased portion of
the ear. There is only one way
to cure Deafness, and that is by
constitutional remedies. Deaf-
ness is caused by an inflamed
condition of the mucus lining of
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this tube gets inflamed you have
a rumbling sound or imperfect
hearing, and when it is entirely
closed Deafness is the result, and
unless the inflammation can be
taken out and this tube restored
to its normal condition, hearing
will be destroyed forever; nine
cases out of ten are caused by cat-
arrh, which is nothing but an
inflamed condition of the mucus
surfaces.

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The Red Sea.

The bright sea suddenly bursts
upon us as a sail in the distance,
and the blue mountains of Africa
beyond it—a lovely vista. But
when we had fairly issued into
the plain on the sea shore, beau-
tiful indeed, most beautiful was
the view. The whole African
coast lay before us, washed up by
the Red Sea—a vast amphithe-
ater of mountains except a space
where the waters were lost in the
distance between the Asiatic and
Libyan promontories. It was the
stillest hour of the day; the sun
shone brightly, descending to his
place in the occident; the tide
was coming in with its peaceful,
pensive murmurs, wave after
wave. It was in this plain,
broad and perfectly smooth from
the mountains to the sea, that
the children of Israel encamped
after leaving Elim. What a
glorious scene it must then have
presented, and how nobly those
rocks, now so silent, must have
re-echoed the song of Moses and
its ever-returning chorus—"Sing
ye to the Lord, for he hath tri-
umph gloriously; the horse and
his rider He hath thrown into
the sea."—Lord Lindsay.

Other Churches.

The Protestant Episcopal
Church has sixty-nine bishops
and 450,000 members.

General Sherman says that he
is not a Roman Catholic, and
that it would be impossible for
him to be one.

It is stated that 43,000,000
copies of the Moody and Sankey
'Gospel Hymns' have been sold
in the United States and Eng-
land.

We notice the students of
Bethany College, a Disciple in-
stitution located in West Vir-
ginia, are raising money to send
a missionary to a foreign country.

A majority of the ministers
and churches of the Detroit
Presbytery of the United Presby-
terian Church have decided to
withdraw from that church and
connect themselves with the reg-
ular Presbyterian Church.

The latest advices from the
Babylonian expedition sent out
by the University of Pennsylvania
locates the explorers at Bagdad,
which is to form the center for
archæological operations in the
surrounding plain of the Tigris
and Euphrates.

A movement toward Chris-
tianity among the Jews of Siber-
ia is reported, the leader being a
Polish Jew, Jacob Sheinman by
name. Exiled to Siberia twenty
years ago because of avowal of
belief in Christianity, he there
began to proclaim his convic-
tions.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings
in the Brooklyn tabernacle have
been blessed of God to the con-
version of many souls. On Sun-
day, January 20th, seventy-three
united with the church on pro-
fession of faith. These make
over two hundred that have
joined since Dr. Munhall began
his work there.

Young ladies, on the eve of
marriage, now give 'spinster din-
ners,' at which female friends
only are entertained. They are
allowed to talk of everything,
and never fail to mention the nu-
merous curative benefits of Dr.
Bull's Cough Syrup that cures
all coughs, colds, bronchitis,
croup and sore throat.

Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who
drives a coal cart has to resort to soap
and water, just as does a negro who
has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all
are usually resorted to when a man
gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—
at least not at first. He usually goes
to the so-called saloon and gets a drink,
which makes him feel rather dazed, so
he takes another, and comes home
temporarily elated, supposing himself
cured.

When he wakes next morning, with
a headache twice as bad as ever, and
feeling feverish and cross, he concludes
he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he hap-
pens to have in the house—some liver
renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart
enlarger—and sets forth saying if he
isn't better tomorrow he will send for
the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the
doctor is called, shakes his head, pre-
scribes two or three kinds of medicine,
according to his medical creed, but al-
ways insists upon perfect quiet, and
that the patient must not go to his of-
fice for two weeks, or the result will
be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a
week or ten days, his recovery retarded
by a multitude of remedies, and the
knowledge that his business is going
to ruin in his absence. When he does
drag out at last, he finds that the fam-
ily must deny themselves everything
but the common necessities of life for
some time to come, in order that the
doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs
made in the business.

Now, the proper thing for this man
to have done was to have bought a bot-
tle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vine-
gar Bitters, the moment he felt the
first headache, and to have taken two
tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three
half-doses, two days apart, after the
first dose had taken effect, would have
cured him and prevented his illness,
and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as
Beecher would have said, his foresight
was not so good as his hindsight. An-
other time this man will know just
what to do to save pain, time and
money.

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